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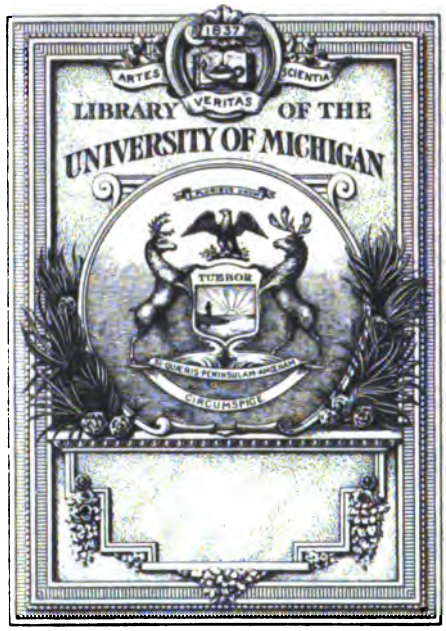

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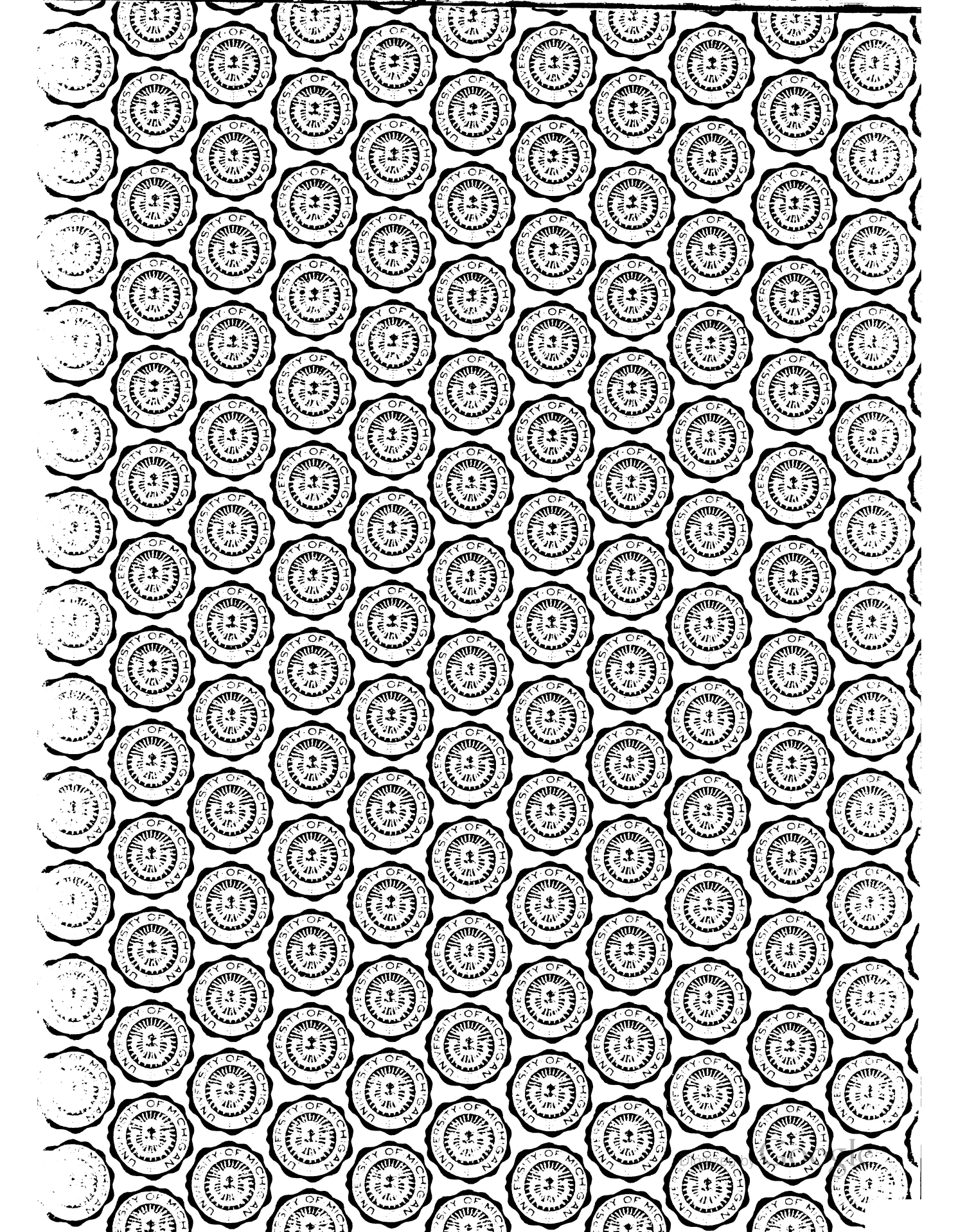
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THE

GOAT'S BEARD.

A FABLE.

PROPRIA QUÆ MARIBUS—
FŒMINEO GENERI TRIBUUNTUR.

LILLY'S GRAMMAR.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall. 1777.

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

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Capellæ et Hirci.

BARBAM Capellæ quum impetrâſſent ab Jove,
Hirci mœrentes indignari cœperant,
Quod dignitatem fœminæ æquâſſent ſuam;
" Sinite, inquit, illis gloriâ vanâ frui,
" Et uſurpare veſtri ornatum muneris:
" Pares dum non ſint veſtræ fortitudini."

Hoc argumentum monet ut ſuſtineas tibi
Habitu eſſe ſimiles, qui ſint virtute impares.

The Purport of the above Fable is this. When the She-Goats had, by their intreaties, obtained of Jupiter the privilege of having Beards as well as the Males, the He-Goats grew angry; and complained, that he had degraded their dignity by admitting the females to equal honours with themſelves.

To which the God replied, That if they would take care to preſerve the real and eſſential advantages which their ſex gave them over the other, they would have no reaſon to be diſſatisfied with letting them participate in what was merely ornamental.

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THE

GOAT'S BEARD.

A FABLE.

IN eight terſe Lines has Phædrus told
(So frugal were the Bards of old)
A Tale of Goats; and clos'd with grace
Plan, Moral, all, in that ſhort ſpace.
Alas, that ancient Moraliſt
Knew nothing of the ſlender twiſt
Which Italy, and France, have taught
To later times to ſpin the thought.
They are our maſters now, and We
Obſequious to their high decree,
Whate'er the Claſſic Critics ſay,
Will tell it in a modern way.

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'Twas ſomewhere on the hills, which lie
'Twixt Rome and Naples' ſofter clime,
(They can't eſcape the Traveller's eye,
Nor need their names be told in rhime)
A Herd of Goats, each ſhining morn,
Midſt ſcraggy myrtle, pointed thorn,
Quick glancing to the Sun diſplay'd
Their ſpotted ſides, and pierc'd the ſhade.
There Goat-herds ſtill, like thoſe of old,
Pipe to the ſtragglers of the fold.
'Twas there—and there (no matter when)
With VIRGIL's leave, we place the ſcene.
For ſcarcely can we think his ſwains
Dealt much in goats on Mantua's plains;
Much leſs could e'er his Shepherds dream
Of pendent rocks on Mincio's ſtream.
From Naples his enliven'd thought
Its fondeſt, beſt ideas caught.
Theocritus perhaps beſide
Some kind embelliſhments ſupply'd,
And Poets are not common men—
Who talks of Goats in Ely fen!

'Twas

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'Twas there, on one important day,
It chanc'd the He-goats were away,
The Ladies of the Colony
Had form'd a female Coterie;
And, as they browz'd the clifts among,
Exerted all their power of tongue.
Of eaſe and freedom much they ſpoke,
Enfranchis'd from the Huſband's yoke;
How bright the ſun, how ſoft the air,
The Trefoil flowers were ſweeter far,
Whilſt thus *alone* they might debate
The hardſhips of the married ſtate.
Encourag'd by the quick'ning flame
Which ſpread, and caught from dame to dame,
A Matron, ſager than the reſt,
The fair enthuſiaſts thus addreſs'd:
" Ladies, I joy to ſee, what I
" Have felt, and ſmother'd with a ſigh,
" Should touch at length the general breaſt,
" And honeſt Nature ſtand confeſt.
" Queens as we are, we ſee our power
" Uſurp'd, and daily ſinking lower.

" Why

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" Why do our Lords and Maſters reign
" Sole Monarchs o'er their ſubject train?
" What ſtamp has Nature given their line,
" What mark to prove their *right divine*
" To lead at will the paſſive herd?
"—It can be nothing but their Beard.
" Obſerve our ſhapes, our winning airs,
" Our ſpots more elegant than theirs;
" With equal eaſe, with equal ſpeed
" We ſwim the brook, or ſkim the mead;
" Climb the tall cliff, where wild thyme grows,
" On pinnacles undaunted browze,
" Hang fearleſs o'er th' impetuous ſtream,
" And ſkip from crag to crag like them.
" Why are they then to *us* preferr'd?
"—it can be nothing but their Beard.
" Then let us to great Jove prepare
" A ſacrifice and ſolemn prayer,
" That He would graciouſly relieve
" Our deep diſtreſs, and kindly give
" The all we want to make us ſhine
" Joint Empreſſes by *right divine*."

A general

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A general murmur of applauſe
Attends the ſpeech. The common cauſe
Glows in each breaſt, and all defy
The bonds of Salique tyranny.
The mild, the timorous grow bold;
And, as they ſaunter to the fold,
Ev'n Kids, with voices ſcarcely heard,
Liſp out,—" 'Tis nothing but the beard."
Agreed. And now with ſecret care
The due luſtrations they prepare:
And having mark'd a ſacred field,
Of horns a ſpacious altar build;
Then from the fragrant herbs that grow
On craggy cliff, or mountain's brow,
They cull the ſweets: and ſtuff the pile
With * Tragopogon's downy ſpoil,
And gums of † Tragacanth to raiſe
The bickering flame, and ſpeed the blaze.

* *Tragopogon*] A Plant called in Engliſh, the Goat's Beard.

† *Tragacanth*] The Goat's Thorn. The gums of this plant are uſed in medicine.

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But chief the flower beyond compare,
The flaunting * Woodbine revell'd there,
Sacred to Goats; and bore their name
'Till Botaniſts of modern fame
New-fangled titles choſe to give
To almoſt all the plants that live.
Of theſe a hallow'd heap they place
With all the ſkill of female grace;
Then ſpread the ſprigs to catch the air,
And light them with the bruſhy hair
Pluck'd ſlily from their huſbands' chins,
In ſeeming ſport, when love begins.
" Hear, Father Jove! if ſtill thy mind
" With partial fondneſs views our kind;
" If, nurs'd by Goats, as ſtory ſays,
" Thou ſtill retain'ſt their gameſome ways;
" If on † thy ſhield *her* ſkin appears
" Who fed with milk thy infant years;

* *Woodbine*] The Caprifolium, or Goat's Leaf of the ancients and of Tournefort. Linnæus ranks it under the genus of Lonicera, as he does the Tragacanth under that of Aſtragalus.

† *Thy Shield*] The Ægis, called ſo from the Goat's ſkin which covers it.

" If

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" If Capricorn advanc'd by thee
" Shines in the ſphere a Deity, *&c. &c.*
" Hear, Father Jove, our juſt requeſt ;
" O grant us beards, and make us bleſt !"
Swift mounts the blaze, the ſcented ſky
Seems pleas'd, the Zephyrs gently ſigh,
And Jove himſelf, in frolic mood,
Reclining on an amber cloud,
Snuff'd in the gale ; and, tho' he hides
A laugh which almoſt burſt his ſides,
Smil'd gracious on the ſuppliant crew ;
And from the left his thunder flew :
Bleſt omen of ſucceſs ! Ye Fair,
Who know what tyrants ſpouſes are,
If e'er you ſlipt the tighten'd rein,
Or gave a ſurly Huſband pain,
Gueſs at *their* joy.---Devoutly low
They bent, and with prophetic glow
They wreath'd their necks, they cock'd their tails,
With ſkittiſh coyneſs met the males,
And ſcarce admitted the embrace
But *merely* to preſerve the race.

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But chief the river banks they throng;
Narciſſus-like o'er fountains hung,
And not a puddle could they paſs
Without a ſquint to view their face,
Happy to ſee the ſprouts ariſe,
Which promis'd future dignities.
When lo! their utmoſt wiſh prevails.
A Beard, as graceful as the male's,
Flows from their chins; and forth they mov'd
At once to be rever'd and lov'd;
Looking (to borrow a quaint phraſe
From YOUNG, to deck our humbler lays)
"Delightfully with all their might."
The He-goats ſtarted at the ſight.
"Angels and miniſters of grace!"
Appear'd on theirs, like * Garrick's face.
Glance after glance oblique they ſent,
Then fix'd in dumb aſtoniſhment.
Scarce more amaz'd did † Atlas ſtand,
Sole monarch of th' Heſperian ſtrand,

* *Garrick's face*] in the character of Hamlet.

† *Atlas*] Ovid's Metamorphoſes. Book 4th. Fab. 15th.

When

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When Perſeus on his ſhield diſplay'd
Terrific charms, the Gorgon's head.
At laſt recovering their ſurprize,
For Goats, like men, are ſometimes wiſe,
On this abſurd, new-modell'd plan,
Like human couples, they began,
Unwilling, for decorum's ſake,
Quite to unite, or quite to break.
With ſhort half words, and looks that leer'd,
They frown'd, they pouted, and they ſneer'd.
In *general terms* expreſs'd their thoughts
On *private* and *peculiar* faults;
Dropp'd hints they ſcarcely wiſh'd to ſmother,
And talk'd not *to* but *at* each other.
'Till ſtrife engend'ring more and more,
They downright wrangled, if not ſwore;
And ev'n the Fair could ſcarce refrain
From broad expreſſions, when they ſaw
Th' accompliſhments they wiſh'd to gain,
Created not reſpect but awe;
And ſofter Kids uſurp'd the flames
Due only to experienc'd Dames.

'Twas

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'Twas then the general diſcord roſe;
And Jove (induſtrious to compoſe
The caſual feuds his haſty nod
Had caus'd;) well worthy ſuch a God,
Conven'd the States. And tho' he knew
What mortals ſay is really true,
" Advice is ſometimes thrown away,"
He bade them meet, and fix'd the day.
Each conſcious of their claim divide
In ſeparate bands on either ſide.
Like Clients in a party cauſe
Determin'd to ſucceed or die,
(Whate'er their Judge may talk of laws)
Stanch martyrs to integrity.
The God appear'd, in proper ſtate,
Not as the arbiter of fate,
With all thoſe enſigns of command
Which ſway the air, the ſea, the land,
But yet with dignity, to draw
Attention, and becoming awe.
" Approach:" he cry'd, " your idle ſtrife
" Has rais'd a thought: I'll give it life.

" For

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" For know, ye Goats, my high beheſts
" Shall not be thrown away on Beaſts.
" When Sexes plead, the cauſe is common;
" Be Goats no more, but Man and Woman."
The change enſues. He ſmil'd again,
And thus addreſs'd the motley train.—
(Here might we tell, in Ovid's lay,
How forms to other forms gave way,
How pert-cock'd tails, and ſhaggy hides,
And horns, and twenty things beſides,
Grew ſpruce bag-wigs, or well-queu'd hair,
The floating ſack, the *Pet-en-l'air*,
Fur gown, gold chain, or regal robe,
Which rules, in ermin'd ſtate, the globe.
We wave all this, and ſay again,
He thus addreſs'd the motley train.)
" When firſt I different ſexes form'd,
Happy myſelf, with goodneſs warm'd,
I meant you help-mates for each other;
The ties of father, ſon, and brother,
And all the charities below
I kindly meant ſhould ſpring from you.

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Were more exalted ſcenes your lot,
I kindly meant, as who would not,
The Fair ſhould ſooth the Hero's care,
The Hero ſhould protect the Fair;
The Stateſman's toils a reſpite find
In pleaſures of domeſtic kind;
And Kings themſelves in ſocial down
Forget the thorns which line a crown.

In humbler life, that Man ſhould roam
Buſy abroad, whilſt ſhe at home
Impatient for his dear return
Should bid the crackling incenſe burn,
And ſpread, as fortune might afford,
The genial feaſt, or frugal board.
The joys of honeſt Competence,
The ſolace even of Indigence.

But things are chang'd, no matter how;
Theſe bleſſings are not frequent now.
Let Time account, as he glides on,
For all his wings and ſcythe have done:
We take you in his preſent page,
The refuſe of an Iron Age.

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Then hear our ſober thoughts.

Ye Dames,
Affection and good-breeding claims
That firſt, in preference to the males,
We place *your* merits in the ſcales.
For, whether 'twas deſign'd or not,
You ſome aſcendancy have got.
Ladies, we own, have had their ſhare
In learning, politics, and war.
To paſs at once the doubtful tale
Of Amazons in coats of mail,
(Fables which ancient Greece has taught,
And, if I knew them, I've forgot.)
Authentic records ſtill contain,
To make the females juſtly vain,
Examples of heroic worth—
Semiramis of * Eaſt and † North.

* *Semiramis of Eaſt*] The wife of Ninus.

† —*and North*] Margaret de Waldemar, commonly called the Semiramis of the North. She united in her own perſon the three kingdoms of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. The firſt by deſcent, the ſecond by marriage, and the third by conqueſt. See the union of Calmar, 1393.

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* Marg'ret the Anjouvine; of Spain
† Fair Blanche; and ‡ Ellen of Guienne.
‖ Catherine of France immortal grew
A rubric ſaint with Barthol'mew:
In Ruſſia Catherines more than one
Have done *great things*: and many a Joan
Has buſtled in the active ſcene;
§ The Pope, the Warrior, and the Queen!
But theſe are ſtars which blaze and fall:
O'er Albion did Eliza riſe
A conſtellation of them all,
And ſhines the Virgo of the ſkies!

* *Marg'ret the Anjouvine*] Wife of Henry the VIth of England, who (notwithſtanding her ſuppoſed intrigue with the Duke of Suffolk) ſupported the intereſt of her huſband and his family with the moſt heroic ſpirit.

† *Fair Blanche*] Blanche of Caſtile, wife to Louis the VIIIth of France. She governed that kingdom during the minority of her ſon, St. Louis, and during his abſence at the holy wars, with great fortitude and ſucceſs. The wicked chronicles of the times have been very free with her character.

‡ *Ellen of Guienne*] An adventurer in the Cruſades. She was firſt married to Louis the VIIth of France, by whom ſhe was divorced, under a pretence of conſanguinity; and was afterwards wife to Henry the IId of England. Her behaviour here is well known.

‖ *Catherine of France*] The famous Catherine of Medicis, wife to Henry the IId of France, and mother to the three ſucceeding Monarchs. The Maſſacre of Paris on St. Bartholomew's day was conducted under her auſpices.

§ *The Pope*, &c.] Pope Joan, Joan of Arc, and Joan of Naples.

Some

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* Some dames of leſs athletic mold,
By mere misfortune render'd bold,
Have drawn the dagger in defence
Of their own ſpotleſs innocence.
O'er theſe the penſive Muſe ſhall mourn,
And Pity's tear ſhall grace their urn.
* Others, a more heroic part,
By juſt revenge to fury led,
Have plung'd it in a huſband's heart,
And triumph'd o'er the mighty dead.
Tho' laurels are *their* meed, 'tis true,
Let milder females have their due,
And be with humbler myrtles crown'd,
Who ‡ ſuck'd the poiſon from the wound.
For folks there are who don't admire
In angel forms that ſoul of fire,

* *Some* } Of theſe two aſſertions the Author does not chooſe to give
* *Others* } examples, as *Some* might be thought fabulous, and *Others* invidious.

‡ *Suck'd the poiſon*] Whether the ſtory of Eleanor of Caſtile, wife to Edward the Iſt of England, is fictitious or not, the Eleanor Croſſes exiſting at preſent, are a ſufficient teſtimony of her huſband's affections, and his gratitude to her memory.

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Nor are quite pleas'd with wounds and ſcars
On limbs beſt fram'd for ſofter wars.
Nay now, ſo ſqueamiſh men are grown,
Their manners are ſo like your own,
That, tho' no Spartan dames we view
Thump'd, cuff'd, and wreſtled black and blue,
Ev'n ſlighter blemiſhes offend.
Sometimes the Fair one's fondeſt friend.
Glorious, no doubt, it is, to dare
The dangers of the Sylvan War,
When foremoſt in the chaſe you ride
Some headlong ſteed, you cannot guide,
And owe, by providence, or chance,
Your ſafety to your ignorance.
But ah! the conſequential ill,
Might *there* reſtrain ev'n woman's will.
The furrow plough'd by * Tyburn hat
On the fair forehead's Parian flat;
The freckles, blotches, and parch'd ſkins,
The worms, which like black-headed pins

* *Tyburn hat*] The ſmall round hat, which acquired its name from it's being the diſtinguiſhing mark of a pick-pocket: it is now adopted by gentlemen and ladies.

Peep

Peep through the damask cheek, or rifs
On noſes bloated out of ſize,
Are things which females ought to dread.—
But you know beſt, and I proceed.

Some Sages, a peculiar thought,
Think politics become you not.
Nay one, well vers'd in Nature's rules,
Calls * "cunning women knaviſh fools."
—Your pardon—I but barely hint
What impious mortals dare to print.

In learning, doubtleſs, you have ſhin'd
The Paragons of human kind.
Each abſtract ſcience have explor'd;
Have pierc'd thro' Nature's coyeſt hoard;
And cropp'd the loveliest flowers that blow
On ſteep Parnaſſus' double brow.

And yet what ſmall remains we find.
† Aſpaſia left no tracts behind;

* *Cunning woman*] "A cunning woman is a knaviſh fool."
Lord Lyttelton's Advice to a Lady.

† *Aſpaſia*] The pupils of this learned lady (if we except Socrates) were moſt of them her lovers too, and conſequently received inſtruction in the moſt agreeable manner it could be conveyed.

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Content her doctrines to impart,
As oral truths, warm from the heart.
And ill-bred Time has ſwept away
Full many a grave and ſprightly lay,
Full many a tome of juſt renown
Fram'd by the numerous Fair, who ſhone
Poetic or hiſtoric Queens,
From Sappho down to * Anne Comnenes.
In modern days, the female pen
Is paramount, and copes with men.
Ladies have led th' inſtructive crew,
And kindly told us all they knew.
In France, in Britain, many a ſcore.—
I mention none---to praiſe the more.
And yet in that ſame little iſle
I view, with a peculiar ſmile,
And wiſh to name a choſen few;
A — —, or a —— — —,

* *Anne Comnenes*] A Princeſs of great learning, daughter of Alexius Comnenus, Emperor of Conſtantinople, during the time of the firſt Cruſades. She wrote the hiſtory of her father's long reign, and is ranked amongſt the Byzantine hiſtorians.

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Or—But I won't. It envy raiſes.
Few men can bear each other's praiſes,
And in the Fair one would not ſee
A *Genus irritabile*.
Swift ſays, a clever ſchool-boy's fame
Is all at which the Sex ſhould aim.
It may be ſo, and *He* be wiſe---
But *I* authorities deſpiſe.
Men cannot judge in ſuch affairs.
I grant *your* talents great as theirs.
Your wit of a more *piercing* kind,
Your ſenſe more *moral* and *refin'd*;
And ſhould ye from ſtrict reaſoning ſwerve,
You ſtill have conqueſt in reſerve.
If arguments are ſometimes ſlight,
‡ "Your eyes are always in the right."
In love your empire is ſupreme,
The Hero's palm, the Poet's theme.
Nor will we dare to fix a date
When that ſoft empire yields to fate.

‡ *Your eyes*, &c.] A line of Prior.

At

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At ſeventy great Eliza lov'd,
Tho' coy perhaps * her heroes prov'd,
And † Ninon had a longer reign,
She lov'd, and was belov'd again,
Let Gedoyne the juſt æra fix,
At eighty, or at eighty-ſix.
One little hint, before we cloſe
This tedious ſoporific doſe,
One little hint we chooſe to give,
That nuptial harmony may live.
As huſbands, tho' on ſmall pretence,
Are wond'rous jealous of their ſenſe,
Perhaps 'twere prudent to conceal
The great accompliſhments you feel.

* *Her heroes*] Eſſex and Courtney.

† *Ninon*] It is recorded of the celebrated Ninon l' Enclos, that a young French Abbé, of the name of Gedoyne, had long ſolicited her favours, and was rather aſtoniſhed at her coyneſs. When ſhe yielded at laſt, ſhe begged his pardon for ſo dilatory a compliance, and pleaded as her excuſe, that her female vanity was piqued upon having a lover after ſhe was fourſcore; that ſhe had only compleated her eightieth year the day before, and therefore hoped her *empreſſment* to oblige him would be a proper acknowledgement of her gratitude for his attentions.

How long the attachment laſted, the Author of this poem has modeſtly left undetermined.

Then

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Then ſcreen what pains the naked eye
With that thin gauze call'd modeſty;
At leaſt with diffidence maintain
The triumphs you are ſure to gain.
Arm'd with this caution, juſtly claim
Your genuine ſhare of power and fame;
Be every thing your conſcious merit
Inſpires, and with becoming ſpirit
Expand each paſſion of the heart,
Each talent Nature gives exert;
Be wiſe, be learn'd, be brave, nay fear'd---
But *keep your ſex*, and * HIDE THE BEARD.

Ladies, your ſlave.---The Dames withdrew.
Now, Gentlemen, I turn to you.
You heard the leſſons which I gave,
At once both ludicrous and grave,
And ſneer'd perhaps; but have a care,
I only banter'd with the Fair.

* *Hide the Beard.*] A certain Grecian Painter, who had uſually exerted his talents on laſcivious ſubjects, was commanded by the State under which he lived, to attone for his errors by forming a piece which ſhould damp the moſt licentious appetite. He accordingly drew a naked Venus with all the charms his imagination could ſuggeſt, and then, to make her totally diſguſting, clapped her on a beard.

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When your important cauſe comes on,
We take it in a higher tone.
Is there a fault in Womankind
You did not make, or ſtrive to find?
To riſe on *your* defects you teach them,
And loſe *your* virtues ere they reach them.
Would e'er ambition touch their brain,
Did *you* your lawful rule maintain,
With tenderneſs exert your ſway,
And mildly win them to OBEY?
Had Cæſar, Antony, been men,
We ſcarce had heard of * Egypt's Queen.
Follies and vices of his own
Sunk to a ſlave great Philip's ſon;
Nor did † Alcides learn to ſpin
'Till he put off the Lion's ſkin.
Henry the fourth of France (a name
We love, we pity, and we blame)
Had frailties, which the meaneſt clown,
Of native ſenſe, would bluſh to own.

* *Egypt's Queen.*] Cleopatra.

† *Alcides.*] His condeſcenſions to Omphale are well known.

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D'Etrée, Vernueil, and twenty more,
Will prove him vaſſal to a ——.
Nothing could tame the headſtrong lad,
Whoſe pure good-nature was run mad.
Ev'n toil, and penury, and pain,
And * Sully, teiz'd and preach'd in vain.
Nothing could ſtop th' inſatiate rage,
Not even the haſty † ſnow of age;
Not even his laſt provoking ‡ wife,
That fire-brand of perpetual ſtrife,
Who ſet half Europe in a flame,
And died, poor wretch, an empty name.
In what the world calls politics
You teach the Fair a thouſand tricks.
Full many a miſtreſs of a King,
At firſt a plain unheeded thing,

* *Sully.*] See his Memoirs.

† *Snow of Age.*] He was very early grey.

‡ *Provoking wife.*] Mary of Medicis. This lady was of an ambitious intriguing ſpirit, with a very mean underſtanding. That ſhe was a "provoking wife," Sully's Memoirs ſufficiently teſtify. The diſturbances ſhe raiſed at home, and the cabals ſhe entered into abroad during her exile, are a proof of the ſecond poſition. The laſt ſhe muſt have ſeverely felt, for ſhe died at Cologne, in 1642, in extreme miſery.

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But ſwells in fancied dignity,
And glories in her infamy;
'Till, to diſtreſs a weaker brother,
You play her off againſt each other;
Improve the ſex's native wiles,
Th' artillery of tears and ſmiles;
Flatter her pride, or peeviſhneſs,
'Till ſhe, elated by ſucceſs,
Feels her own force, and, bolder grown
By your inſtructions, acts alone;
Procures now this now that man's fall,
And fairly triumphs o'er you all.
The ſecond Charles on England's throne
(Sav'd from oblivion by his crown)
Call him whatever you think fit,
A knave, an ideot, or a wit,
Had from his travels learnt no more
Than modern youths from Europe's tour.
To all that ſhould improve his mind,
The voluntary dupe was blind.
Whate'er calamities fell on him,
Diſtreſs was thrown away upon him;

The

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The ſame unfeeling thoughtleſs thing,
Whether an Exile, or a King.
Cleaveland and Portſmouth had fine features,
And yet they were but ſilly creatures,
Play'd off like ſhuttles in a loom
(To weave the web of England's doom !)
By knaves abroad, and knaves at home.
Of all who ſooth'd his * idle hours
(To wave his *en paſſant* amours)
Of all who gloried in the flame,
And in broad day-light blaz'd their ſhame,
Spite of her † frolics and expence,
Nell Guyn alone had common ſenſe.

* *Idle hours.*] There was as much of lazineſs as of love in all thoſe hours which he paſſed amongſt his miſtreſſes; who ſerved only to fill up his ſeraglio, while a bewitching kind of pleaſure, called Sauntering, was the true Sultana Queen he delighted in.

Duke of Buckinghamſhire's Character of Charles the IId.

† *Frolics and expence.*] Biſhop Burnet, in his Hiſtory of his Own Times, ſays of Mrs. Guyn, that ſhe was the indiſcreeteſt and wildeſt creature that ever was in a Court, yet continued to the end of the King's life in great favour, and was maintained at a vaſt expence.

He might have added, to her credit, that ſhe never meddled at all with the wretched politics of thoſe times.

Of

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Of Gaming little ſhall be ſaid,
You're ſurfeited upon that head.
What arguments can move the mind
Where folly is with madneſs join'd?
What ſober reaſoning can prevail,
Where even contempt and ruin fail?
Yet let me mention, betwixt friends,
"Burn not the taper at both ends."
Why muſt your Wives be taught by you
That needleſs art to ſquander too?
Whene'er they ſhew their bracelet ſtrings,
Their dear white hands, and brilliant rings,
It ſhould be in a quiet way;
Ladies ſhould piddle, and not play.
You know too well *your* glorious power,
Greatly to loſe in half an hour
What coſt your anceſtors with pain
At leaſt full half an age to gain.
Then let your ſpouſes (to be grave)
For coals and candles ſomething ſave,
And keep their pin-money and jointures,
To free from jail the kind Appointers.

Learning

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Learning—you ſcarce know what it is.
Then put the queſtion, and 'tis this:
True learning is the mind's good-breeding,
'Tis Common Senſe improv'd by reading.
If Common Senſe, that corner-ſtone,
Is wanting, let the reſt alone.
Better be fools without pretence,
Than coxcombs even of eminence.
* Eve from her huſband's lips preferr'd
What ſhe from angels might have heard,
And wiſely choſe to underſtand
Exalted truths at ſecond hand.

* *Eve.*] In the eighth book of Paradiſe Loſt, whilſt Adam was converſing with Raphael,

—and by his countenance ſeem'd
Entring on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe—

Eve retired.

Yet went ſhe not as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high—

But becauſe,

Her Huſband the relater ſhe preferr'd
Before the Angel.—

The Poet aſſigns a reaſon for it,

—From *his* lip
Not *words* alone pleas'd *her*.

Should

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Should your ſoft mates adopt her notions,
And for inſtruction wait *your* motions,
To what improvements would they reach?
—Lord bleſs you, what have *you* to teach?
Yes, one thing, I confeſs, you deal in,
And read it fairly without ſpelling.
In that, I own, your zeal is ſuch,
You even communicate too much.
In matter, ſpirit, and in fate
Your knowledge is extremely great,
Nobly deſerting common ſenſe
For metaphyſic excellence.
And yet whate'er you ſay, or ſing,
Religion is a ſerious thing.
At leaſt to *me*, you will allow,
A Deity, it muſt be ſo.
Then let me whiſper—" Don't perplex
" With ſpecious doubts the weaker ſex.
" Let them enjoy their Tates and Bradys,
" Free-thinking is not ſport for Ladies."
Is't not enough *you* read Voltaire,
Whilſt ſneering valets frizz your hair,

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And half aſleep, with half an eye
Steal in dear infidelity?
Is't not enough Helvetius' ſchemes
Elucidate *your* waking dreams,
(Tho' each who on the doctrine doats
Skips o'er the text, to ſkim the notes)
Why muſt the Fair be made the wiſe
Partakers of your myſteries?
You'll ſay they liſten to your chat.
I grant them fools, but what of that?
Your prudence ſure might be ſo civil
To let your females fear the *divil.*
Even for the comfort of your lives
Some muſt be Mothers, Daughters, Wives;
Howe'er it with *your* genius ſuits,
They ſhould not *all* be proſtitutes.
Firm as the ſage Lucretius draws
Above Religion, Morals, Laws,
Secure (tho' at a proper diſtance)
Of that *great bleſſing* NON-EXISTENCE,
You triumph; each a Deity
In all, *but* immortality.

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Why therefore will ye condeſcend
To teize a weak believing friend,
Whoſe honeſt ignorance might gain
From error a relief in pain,
And bear with fortitude and honour
The miſeries *you* brought upon her?
Momus perhaps would ſlily ſay,
For Momus has a *merry* way,
Why will your *wiſdom* and your *wit*
To ſuch degrading tricks ſubmit?
Why in ſoft boſoms raiſe a riot?
Can't ye be d—mn'd yourſelves in quiet?
But that's an after-thought; at preſent
We merely wiſh you to be decent.
And juſt will add ſome trifling things,
From whence, *We* think, confuſion ſprings.

You'll eaſily conceive in Gods,
Who fix in air their thin abodes,
And feaſt on incenſe, and ambroſia,
Foul feeding muſt create a nauſea.

Yet

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Yet we ourſelves to fleſh and blood
Have granted more ſubſtantial food,
Nor wonder that, in times like yours,
All but the poor are Epicures,
And reaſon from effects to cauſes,
On Roti's, Entremets, and Sauces.
But here be wiſe, the reaſon's clear,
Be niggards of your knowledge here,
And to yourſelves alone confine
That firſt of bleſſings, how to dine.
For ſhould the Fair *your* taſte purſue,
And eating be *their* ſcience too,
Should they too catch this naſty trick,
(The bare idea makes me ſick)
What would become of Nature's boaſt?
Their beauty, and their ſex were loſt.
—I turn diſguſted from the ſcene,—
She-Gluttons are *She*-Aldermen.

Another precept lingers yet,
To make the tireſome group compleat.
In all your commerce with the Sex,
Whether you mean to pleaſe, or vex,

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If not well-bred, at leaſt be civil;
Ill manners are a catching evil.
I ſpeak to the ſuperior few.
—Ye Britiſh youths, I ſpeak to you.
The ancient heroes of Romance,
Idolaters in complaiſance,
So hit the Sex's deareſt whim,
So rais'd them in their own eſteem,
That ev'ry conſcious worth increas'd,
And every foible ſunk to reſt.
Nay, e'en when Chivalry was o'er,
And adoration reign'd no more,
Within due bounds the following ſect
Reſtrain'd them by profound reſpect;
Politely graſp'd the ſilken reins,
And held them in ideal chains.
But now, when *you* appear before 'em,
You want all deference, and decorum;
And, conſcious of good Heav'n knows what,
Noddle your heads, and ſlouch your hat;
Or, careleſs of the circling throng,
Thro' full aſſemblies lounge along,

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And on a couch politely throw
Your liſtleſs limbs without a bow,
While all the Fair, like Sheba's Queen,
Croud eager to th' inviting ſcene,
And o'er that couch in raptures hang
To hear their Solomons harangue.
No doubt 'tis edifying ſtuff,
(For gentle ears are cannon-proof)
And wiſe the doctrines which you teach.
But your Examples more than preach.
For 'tis from hence your high-bred laſſes
Loſe, or deſpiſe, their native graces.
Hence comes it that at every rout
They hoyden in, and hoyden out.
The modeſt dignity of yore,
The ſtep chaſtis'd, is ſeen no more.
They hop, they gallop, and they trot,
A curteſy is a thing forgot.
Th' affected ſtare, the thruſt-out chin,
The leer, the titter, and the grin,
Supply what "hung on Hebe's cheek,
"And lov'd to live in dimple ſleek."

Nay,

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Nay, ſome who boaſt their ſixteen quarters
One might miſtake for chandlers daughters.
Ah, could theſe triflers of a day
Know what their maſters think and ſay,
When o'er their claret they debate
Each pretty victim's future fate;
With what contempt and malice fraught
They ſneer the follies they have taught;
How deep a bluſh their cheek would fire!
Their little breaſts would burſt with ire;
And the moſt heedleſs mawkin there,
The lovelieſt ideot, drop a tear.

Virtues have ſexes, paſt a doubt,
Mythologiſts have mark'd them out;
Nor yet in excellence alone
Have this peculiar difference ſhown:
Your Vices—that's too hard a name—
Your Follies—ſhould not be the ſame.
In every plant, in every grain
Of Nature's genuine works we find
Some innate eſſences remain
Which mark the ſpecies, and the kind.

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Tho'

Tho' forms may vary, round or ſquare,
Be ſmooth, be rough, be regular;
Tho' colours ſeparate or unite,
The ſport of ſuperficial light;
Yet is there *Something*, That, or This,
By Nature's kind indulgence ſown,
Which makes each thing be what it is,
A Tree a Tree, a Stone a Stone.
So in each ſex diſtinct and clear
A genuine *Something* ſhould appear,
A *Je ne ſai quoi*, however ſlight,
To vindicate the natural right.

Then, Sirs, for I perceive you yawn,
Be this concluſion fairly drawn:
Sexes are *proper*, and not *common*;
Man *muſt* be Man, and Woman Woman.
In ſhort, be Coxcombs if you pleaſe,
Be arrant Ladies in your dreſs;
Be every name the vulgar give
To what their groſſneſs can't conceive:

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Yet one ſmall favour let me aſk,
Not to impoſe too hard a taſk—
Whether you fix your fancied reign
In brothels, or in drawing-rooms,
The little *Something* ſtill retain.
Be Gameſters, Gluttons, Jockies, Grooms,
Be all which Nature never meant,
Free-thinkers in the full extent,
But ah, for *Something* be rever'd,
And *keep your Sex*, and SHOW THE BEARD.

FINIS.

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